

Candice was thrilled to get a job at the school library as a librarian's assistant. Her librarian, Edna, was nearly blind even with coke bottle glasses on. She needed a young pair of eyes, which Candice didn't actually have without her glasses, but Edna didn't know the difference. Candice just looked like a curvy blur to her.

Her first assignment was to go to each classroom and bring the library copies of each textbook back to the library. Sometimes the teachers would let their students rent a copy of the textbook for one class if they forgot their own at home. Hanna and Emma were the two who abused this system the most, not bringing their textbooks on purpose so they could leave their backpacks at home and get to show off their outfits. If the copy wasn't there for them when they got to class though, then they would be docked points.

After her tenth class, Candice had a hefty book pile to carry, nearly three feet high. She held it against her chest with both arms underneath. "Excuse me! Pardon me!" Candice said gingerly as she moved past each person in the halls on her way back to the library. Most intentionally bumped into her trying to knock her off balance. "Nerd!" They'd say. Candice was used to it, so she ignored it, yet struggled to keep her balance. Surprisingly she made it to the door without dropping one.

As she arrived, Candice realized she couldn't reach the door handle while carrying the books. She couldn't do much of anything as long as the books were in her hands. But she couldn't set them down and risk them getting scratched. "Would someone mind grabbing the door for me, please?" she asked nicely, but everyone just scoffed or sneered at her. "Anyone?" Then a voice answered, "I'll give you a hand." Candice recognized the voice and felt fear. It was Emma and Candice was in a vulnerable position next to her bully. She just had to be polite. "Thanks, Emma. I really appreciate it." "Oh you didn't let me finish," Emma said. "I'll give you a hand - on your panties!" Candice felt Emma's cold fingers slip down the back of her pink skirt. They were fishing for her panties. "Not a wedgie! Not today!" Candice pleaded, just as Emma hooked the line. She pulled up on Candice's loose panties, lifting them out the back of her skirt. "This is what nerds like you should expect!" Emma laughed as a crowd gathered to chime in and make fun of her.

Candice's body was trembling with each tug, making it that much harder to keep her book stack steady. "Please stop! I have a job to do!" Candice said. "I know all about your nerdy job. It docked me five points in geography class," Emma said. Everyone laughed at how Candice just stood in front of the door, arms full, accepting the wedgie. "Such a bookworm! Rather hold onto her books than fix her skirt!" Candice didn't know what they were talking about until she heard the ting of one of her buttons bouncing off her skirt and hitting the ground. This skirt only had two buttons holding it up, so if one was gone, she knew she was in trouble. "No! Stop! I can't hold onto these books and fix my skirt," Candice whined.

Emma continued yanking up her panties, pulling them in different directions to the crowd's amusement. To Candice it felt like her underwear was grinding inside her butt. She was blushing hard. What could she do? Sacrifice the books and possibly her job to save her embarrassment? Or keep holding the books until help arrived?

With one wayward tug, the second button popped off Candice's skirt. She felt it loosening around her waist. "Emma, p-please!" she begged. "Gotta have a finale. What good are any of those books without a climax and an ending?" Emma laughed. She saved her best tug for last, and lifted hard, pulling Candice's entire pelvis upward. The motion tore a seam along Candice's skirt. "I'm begging you!" Candice said. Emma bit her lip with anticipation as she pulled once more, tearing the seam. Candice's poor skirt slid down her waist, past her bubble butt, onto the floor. Candice's face turned scarlet with embarrassment. "Bahaha! You still won't surrender those books, will ya, nerd?" Emma said. Candice's lip was quivering. Then she remembered her choice. "I care about this school's education and my job as a librarian's assistant. Even if it's at the cost of my dignity, I will not put down these books!" She was proud of herself and even some in the crowd stopped laughing. "Fine, have it your way," Emma said. She held onto the panties with one finger, then let them snap like a rubber band back into place. Candice felt the elastic whip her lower back

and grimaced. But at least she was free.

Candice turned around to face them just as the library door swung open, smacking her right in the butt and knocking Candice and all the books over forward. It was Edna the school librarian, locking up. Candice looked at all the splayed out pages of the books and frowned. Edna turned around casually. She didn't even notice. She saw Emma's silhouette. "My dear can you tell Candice if you see her that she'll have to bring me those books tomorrow? I'm turning in early for the day."

Candice was speechless. "Will do, Edna," Emma said. The old woman dropped her keys and they landed right on Candice's lower back. With her panties so loose and her back so curvy, the keys slid under her panties down her butt crack. Candice winced at the cold metal touching her tender skin. "Oh dear me! I dropped my key chain! I can't get to my car without it," Edna said. Candice, still lying on her stomach, moved slightly to try to reach for them herself, but froze up as she felt the keys slip right between her butt cheeks. Emma could tell by Candice's expression what was happening. She was dying. This was too precious.

"Here, let me help you," Emma said as Edna bent down toward the floor. Emma grabbed the top of Candice's panties, pulling them around her butt, which was easy since she had stretched them so much. "You'll have to put your hand deep inside. The keys fell between two volleyballs in a sports car," Emma mischievously concocted. "Okay," Edna said. She reached in between Candice's two volleyball shaped butt cheeks. Candice winced. "Ah! Got them," Edna pulled the keys out with some effort, causing Candice's butt to jiggle, especially once they were free. Edna stepped around Candice as Emma walked her out to her car. Emma glanced back at Candice and gave a sinister smile. Everyone else left feeling satisfied by this violation. Candice sat there, books around her, contemplating what had happened and wondering if this could count as workplace harassment. Somehow she doubted anyone would believe that an eighty year old librarian had accidentally put her hand between a student's butt cheeks. For her own dignity and Edna's, she decided not to say a word and picked up the stack of books again. Such a nerd.